

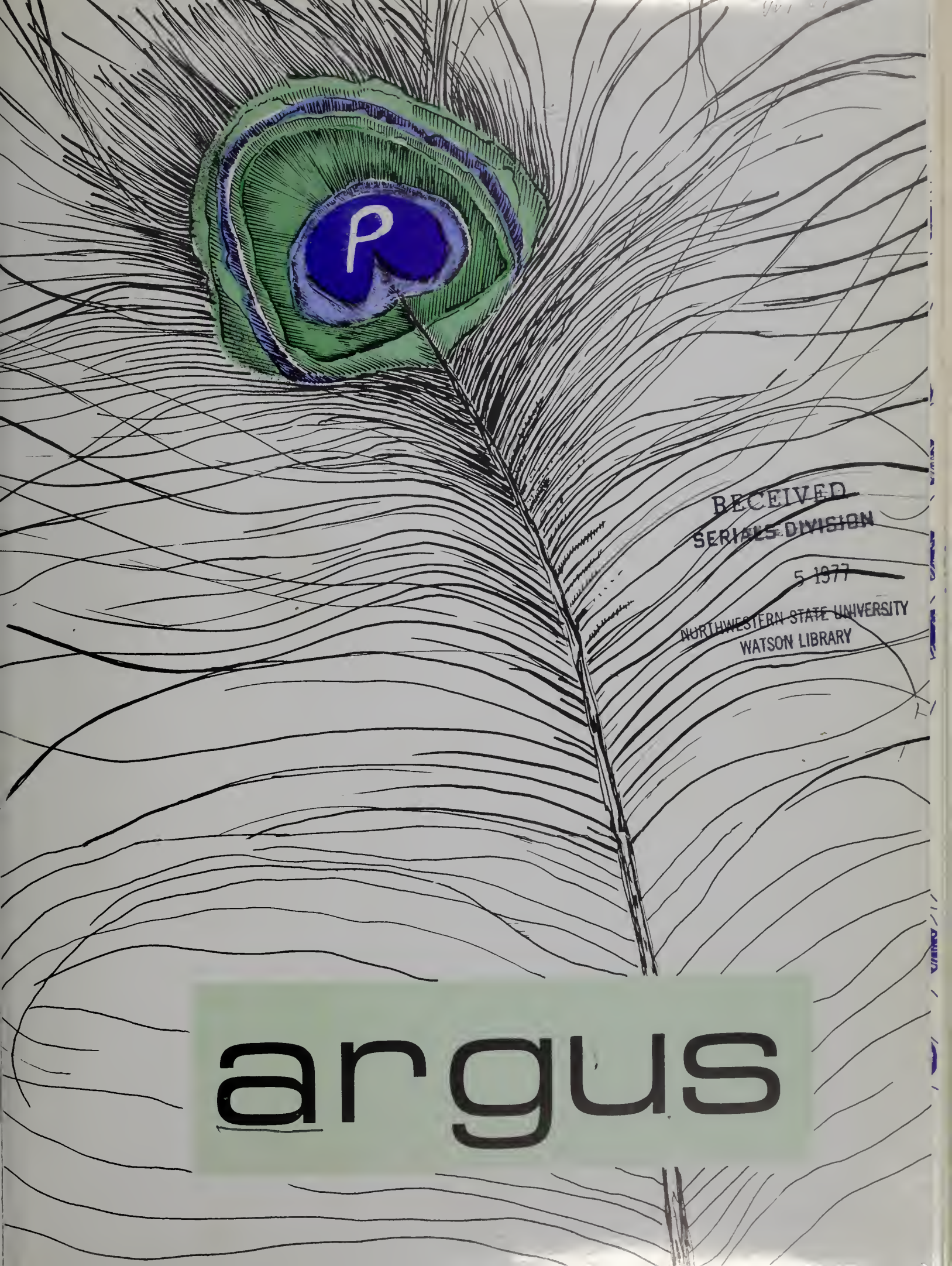
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The Story of Argus

According to Greek mythology, Argus was a giant with a hundred eyes. While some of his eyes "slept," he kept watch with the others. Hermes lulled Argus to sleep with his magic lyre and then slew him with a stone. Upon finding the dead Argus, Hera, queen of the Gods, placed his eyes in the tail of the peacock.

The cover of ARGUS represents the ancient legend handed down to us by the Greeks. To illustrate the story of the mythical Argus, Rivers Murphy, Associate Professor of Art, has drawn a single peacock's feather, within whose "eye" is the Greek letter RHO, meaning one hundred. Murphy's feather represents in symbolic terms the idea upon which the magazine ARGUS is based—that of a single publication in which the varied talents and varied points of view of NSU students may find expression.

Editor's Column by Victoria Tucker



Like Argus of mythology, students at NSU have varied perceptions of their environment, and numerous ways of expressing their perceptions. Those whose expression is accomplished through the fine arts are featured in this, Northwestern's first multi-media magazine, ARGUS, with their contributions of poetry, prose, artwork, and photography.

The creative artist often encounters difficulty when seeking an outlet for his work. To remedy this situation at NSU, a group of concerned students and faculty (some, but not all, artists themselves) began to lay the foundation for what will become a twice-annual publication at the university. We feel that ARGUS will benefit NSU by enlightening the student body as to artistic talent on campus and by encouraging artistic expression.

At some future date, when ARGUS has grown, it is hoped that this issue will be remembered for the stimulus it provided our campus artists. Those whose work appears within are to be especially commended. In many cases, they were compelled to work only for their own satisfaction, in the absence of a vehicle to carry their art to the campus. With the debut of ARGUS, it is hoped that these same students, and many others as well, will work to produce quality prose, poetry, photos and artwork with ARGUS specifically in mind.

The format for work submitted to the magazine is virtually unlimited. Short stories and essays are a couple of items we found in short supply for this issue and that we particularly want to see more of- but more poetry, photos, and drawings, by all means.

Submissions for the Spring issue can be made to the faculty advisor, Dr. Christine Pickering, Room 316-F in the Department of Languages. Rivers Murphy in art and John Haag in photography may also be contacted about work in their respective areas. Additional information about submissions and staff openings will be made available on bulletin boards and through CURRENT SAUCE.

ARGUS

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VOL. I NO. 1

Fall 1976

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We wish to thank the following people for their helpful advice and encouragement in this, the first publication of ARGUS.

Dr. James Bartholomew, Head of the Department of Languages, Dr. Grady Harper, Head of the Department of Art, Dr. Walter Mosley, Mr. Joseph A. Johnson, Mrs. Ann Black, and Mr. Rivers Murphy.

ARGUS is a multi-media magazine published by the Department of Languages in conjunction with the Department of Art at Northwestern State University, Natchitoches, Louisiana. Price is one dollar per copy.

We wish to thank Mr. Lovan B. Thomas, Ms. Sharon Bates, and Ms. Dianne Butts of the NATCHITOCHES TIMES for helping to make this magazine a reality.

LITERATURE LITERATURE LITERATURE LITERATURE

Sojourn

Empty me in blue landscapes
Over blossoming valleys
Or on white clouds of shifting skies
That roll on long shadows to the South.
Empty me
This man of me
Out on the desert sand
That I may dwell
My breath is water
Soul,
Unchanging spirit of the land
The grain and grass to drink
Through her veins;
Our bodies and our passion
Stir together
She is me
Red hot molten leaves,
Melted rock
Carniverous through the trees.

Years later, I
Reborn
Travel once again
On the highway
Flying past the desert;
Crawl through the eyes of cities,
Lose myself in picture shows
And coffee shops open 24 hours.
Let me talk to you sometime;
All I see on this long journey
Are faces reflected in
Store-front windows.
I melt, I melt,
I am empty.
We move again in the silent night invisibly
Across miles and miles of land and sea.

The Hunter

When he was
six years old
he smushed
ladybugs
beetles
and butterflies
with a salad fork.

When he was
twelve years old
he pelted
stray dogs
cats
and jack rabbits
with
oblong
jagged
rocks.

Now he is
forty-five years old
And the last I heard
he was in Tanganyika
looking for elephants.

Grayson Harper

Untitled

Seventeen spires pierce the face of heaven-
Blood and water run freely here.
His cross was six canteens of water and a bath in
the dirt.
I watched him roll and vomit blood.
They got a pat on the back, a job well done.
Hell is a thousand mouths spitting in the morning
And crows who come to watch this travesty.
Ghosts in green fatigues haunt me.
Golgotha sits outside the Chapel.
And no one seems to notice.

Richard N. Fletcher

Winter Field at Night

This field is cold and windless tonight,
the air; wet with snow.

A car horn struggles distantly, drops
suddenly to silence.

Footprints followed me for awhile,
meandering across the snow, disappearing
beneath the soles of my boots.

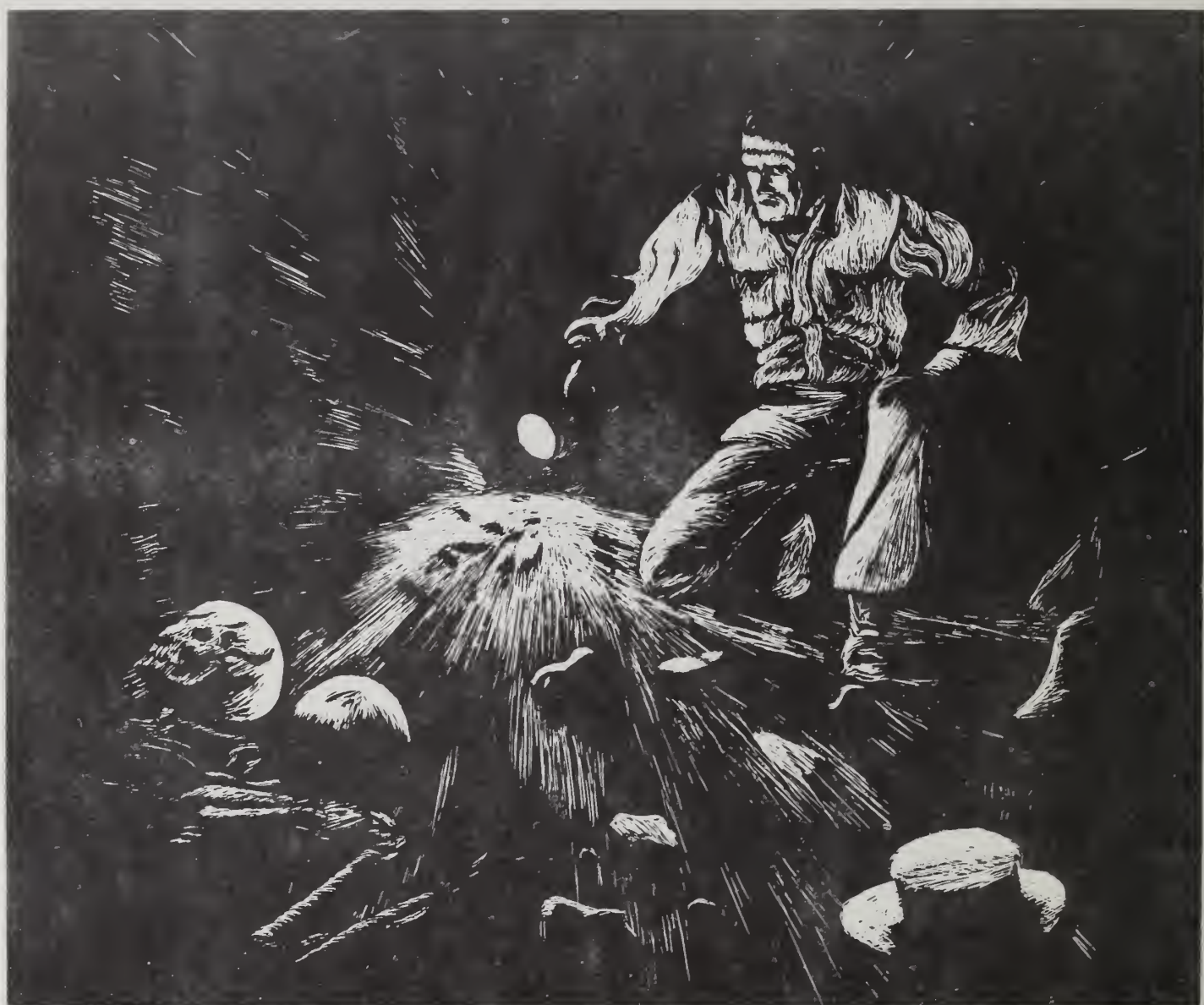
I am the rabbit in his hutch
warmed and sleeping;
the deer staring intently
through the trees.

James Ross

Love Makes You Stupid

It makes you BELIEVE what you know is not true.
It makes you accept the sorriest excuses.
It makes you see beauty where there is none.
It makes you think you're cool.
It makes you cry, then cry for more.
It makes you an addict, waiting an eternity in agony
for that occasional high.
It makes you identify with every song you hear.
It makes you spend money like a millionaire.
It makes you miss things you're supposed to be paying
attention to.
It makes you believe that people are inherently good.
And finally, it makes a complete fool of you by making
you continue to
Seek it out, inspite of knowing all this.

Kenneth Hines



mirror the image
this shadow
this me
naked
sallow, hollow
eaten inside
my own dust

Richard N. Fletcher

Song of Arabia

The ancient Arabian King
Offered me a set of two
Arabian Nights
And a full Moon
This in return
For the Knights of Yesterday
And the Knights of Today
(Last Night wasn't so bad either)

The day before the Museums closed
(According to the King)
The World ended
Very simply and quietly
The Moon wasn't far behind
Not a drop of blood was shed
The Times didn't get any pictures
No change in temperature
Wind from the East
Wall Street holding comfortably
Man lying on the sidewalk smiled
An old Turkish barber swatted a fly,
Shoeshine boy was
Sleeping on a park bench
Oswald was innocent
Hiss was innocent
The Army Corps of Engineers poured
Five hundred trillion gallons
Of Concrete
Over the graves of dead soldiers
While an old lady in a church
Whispered with her beads
And crossed herself several times
A marijuana shipment passed secretly
Through Mexico
The picture show showed
THE LAST PICTURE SHOW
And the last football
Disappeared in a whiff of sky
Forever

There was no match
For the nights of Araby
Nor for that matter
The golden nugget nights
Of Desert Nevada
THE PLACE TO GO

IF YOU DON'T WANT SNOW

(King payed gambling debts
With a gallon of gas)

Grayson Harper

Easter Sunday

Stopped at the resthome to see
Her grandmother, glad to escape
A summer heat-wave. Marie
Purchased a long-stemmed rose
To give to Grandma;
Was sleeping, but surfaced
Long enough to mumble a few words.
Most I couldn't make out,
Marie just kept nodding
Yes, yes,
Touched the woman's forehead
Correcting frail strands of loose hair.

Mama Coco's eyes were like
Soft petals of a flower
Opened slightly to let light in,
Slipping past as if I wasn't there.
I looked out the window.
Marie took the rose she had purchased,
Broke off the stem,
Placing the bloom
In a dixie-cup of water
On the nightstand.

"Lois, is that you? Lois?"
Mama Coco's voice somewhat loud
And disconcerting;
Granddaughter, holding her hand, replied:
"No, I'm not Lois, I'm Rosie's girl.
Remember Rosie from Rose Point?"

"Rosie...Rosie...."

The nurse in a moment dispatched
A noisy tray of food for dinner,
Took the old lady's blood pressure
Pulse and temperature
Clicked on TV
Closed the blinds.

Minutes later, we were driving home
Fast through the blurred countryside.
People everywhere
In ragged shirts and overalls
Walking along both sides of the road
To evening mass.
We hollered out the windows at them
And had hysterics
Watching them jump and spin about
Kicking up dust in all directions.

Grayson Harper

Untitled

Miasma of boot polish and sweat and disinfected
urinals—

mountain air —

cascading capillaries

Grind a face into the floor.

I think I must feel like a rabbit when he's seen
the hunter—

Mine a purgatory of perception.

Richard N. Fletcher

Hypocrites, Inc

The world is made up of
What is and what is not
What was, what wanted to be:
The world is made up of lies and deceit
It is made
of people.

Don't smile at me if
You hate me: don't pretend
I have brains, I can see.

Don't go out of your way to prove
to me
that you are what you are not.
Hypocrite. The world, your world, is based on lies.

You live a lie in order to survive.
You hide but
When will you see?
The world is made of people.
You are made of lies and deceit.
Hypocrite.

Die a person.

Denise Y. Lewis

Untitled

Hello darling, how did it go at work?
Honey, I was victim of the strangest quirk-
While calling 616-6235 2 arrange our d8
With 1 table 4 2 at ¼ til 8
and having been 3rd in line 2 use the 10cent phone
I parked 20 minutes in a 5 minute zone
Viol8ing section 114 of traffic code 210
a \$7.50 mistake I'll not make again
And as the 20 percent probability started 2 shower
I dashed in2 the 5:00 rush hour
And crammed the '68 Camaro in2 the 3rd lane
Which on the 10th Street bridge is a pain
As the 1,000 watt station, channel 12.8
Said "Relax, you're going 2 be 18"
And taking 45 minutes 2 move 1 mile
I filled the ticket 4 a while
Jotting my operator's No. on the indicated line
178807 no restrictions never a fine
Adding my Social Security
296-48-7003
Writing 6-3 where it asked when
Checking the 2nd box 4 guilty as sin
I noticed there was a mistake
On ticket number 522908
Seems officer badge 612 of the 2nd borough
Was generous but not 2 thorough
4 He copied my pl8 as MN 6720

And the ticket went out the window
4 they'll never trace my car
I'm MN 6720R.

James Sudbury

Resurrection

I remember when we would spend our money
On gas for trips on April Sundays,
And these times were simple and right,
For I recall the vivid scenes and sights
Of flowers peeking out and in
And birds singing as if they'd been
Inspired by a waking land.
And we would stand
Gazing on its beauty.
But now, I must attend my duties,
And the essence of such times
Fade with each sunset and sunrise
Until the past is but one tincture-
Producing a far more complex nature
That Life, our friend, will honor when we die.

Julie Lightfoot

Also

Also I spoke to a man named Reese,
Sixty-five and kind of crazy.
Though I shouldn't think he's lazy,
But they say he spends his time doing
peculiar things;
And I guess it's a fact.
Gave up his job selling stocks
To paint pictures and polish rocks.
Sold all his jewelry and his rings
In order to purchase, of all things,
A red bird that sings.

Peculiar bits of business
for a sane man to transact.

Mr. Reese went to Florida
With his old dog, Log;
Met a man named Bog
Who had a frog called Clog.
Log the dog ate Clog the frog
And Mr. Bog told Mr. Reese
To eat some grease.

I received a letter recently from Mr. Reese
Describing in minute detail an island
in the Adriatic
Inhabited by a small colony of monkeys.
There are no people on the island
And the monkeys are called: Antithesils.

According to Mr. Reese:
"These furry islanders don't do anything all day
But run,
And sleep,
And play,
And eat mangos,

And swim,

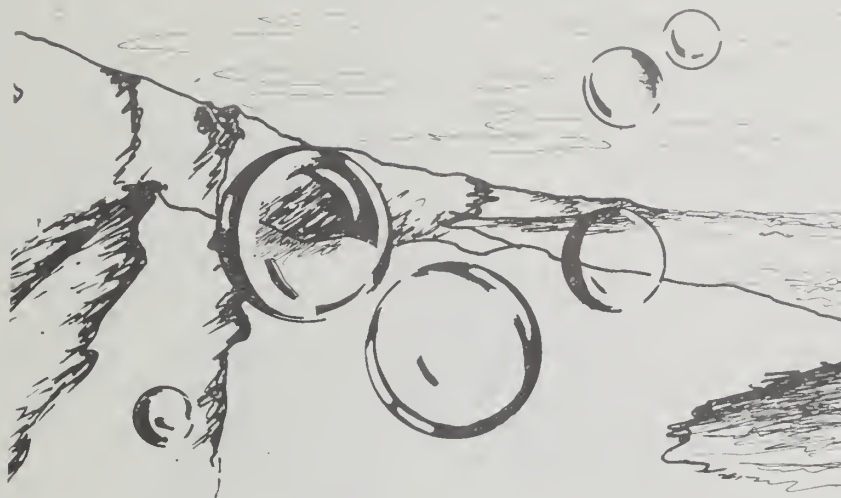
And fish,

And fornicate,

And make oil paintings."

They never bite each other, Mr. Reese says.

Grayson Harper



Bubble

A newborn bubble arose from the water
and drifted across the land. The wind
was his god, and it guided his course.
There was a turning point when two
separate thoughts came into existence:
The bubble wanted to choose his own
direction without the help of the wind.
He was given his wish, but not until then
did he realize that the earth had such
sharp edges.

Rhonda Riddle

A Fording Rainstorm

An apple sun disappears
in the windshield
as the storm befits its blow,

And the wet air cools the hood
to forms of an ape's fingersigns.

Aromatic soils pierce the air
in wet sprayed confusions.

Hang-air drifts from the dash
to the trunk and takes

eastwood cigar smoke astern.

Oil reeks blur vision 'mid the
cracked sky-view,

while fog forms and trickles to
static tunes.

David Cox

Untitled

Spasms of fear

for i know the water is deep

Instinctive relief

for i know the water is cool

A blindman's courage

for i know not what i

will see beyond

But an eagle's wings

that i might fly

to freedom, perchance

i take the dive

it is long

it is lonely

it is hard.

Denise Y. Lewis



Autobiographically in a Sardine Can

I am Conroy.
am a man.

People talk 'bout they philos

-ophy

And I say this world ain't
nuthin' but a tight

squeeze.

my mother, she
was pressured into conceiving me:
t'please her man
(what woman wants eleven behinds to
diaper-feed-and-worry over?)

and my old man, he
pressured me when I was a

kid

(was hauling puckwood at four, sweeping
muledung at seven and in the mines
at eight)

—He wanted me to be better (BETTER) than he
was—

Pressure killed him.

Yeah, outasite demands an
too many mouths to feed
it wrapped round and choked
his heart
(and he fell dead at his girlfriend house
who didn't have no kids and my mama
had to go out in snow and identify
his body)

And pressure took my baby brother's brilliant
words and twisted them and screwed him
and cracked
his intelligence wide open.

Manhood

rushed upon me and I was forced
to lay with a woman and
not only lay with her.

I didn't want it — I was scared (virgin vs. virgin)
I hurt her and myself and we were
too shame to tell anyone else
Masculinity pressures me.

My sister she

didn't have no dreams, no reality no self
not even no pressure
till she met a preacher and he carried her
off —

(Now she wondering if she worthy of him
and she try to pray her pressures
away)

Now I have met a woman

I'm ready — I don't need to show her
I'm a man — she senses it, just like I
know she is —

Wow! we really want to just share
whatever we have
with each other
love, troubles, souls, clouds, dreams,
(but pressure is heavy down on us and it
is beginning to penetrate and hurt)

Dig it —

when I'm dead I
won't even escape cause
after the tears and wails and preaching
there will be nothing
(but the pressure of that dirt on
top of my box)

"There Is A Tide," or, Reflections on The

Occasion of Beginning Doctoral Study in English

The observant reader will note that the title of this essay comes from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. There were two reasons why I chose to use this particular quote as a title. The first was that I knew this essay was to appear in a literary magazine; thus, I reasoned, a quote from a literary work would, in addition, serve to impress the reader with this author's familiarity with the works of the great masters of literature. Furthermore, the passage from Shakespeare serves to express, in an inverted way, my feelings about embarking upon doctoral work in English. Now, the lines from *Julius Caesar* which begin with "There is a tide in the affairs of men," continue in this way: "Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune...." In Shakespeare's play, then, the tide was taken; what makes *Julius Caesar* different from the situation under discussion here is that, in my case, the tide took. In other words, at this particular point in my life, I suddenly find myself faced with the intimidating prospect of earning a Ph.D. without really being sure of how I got here in the first place. I thus deem it wise to drop anchor, as it were, and attempt to discover just how this situation came about before the tide can do any more damage.

Freud says the roots of many of the problems we face as adults lie on the oft forgotten experiences of our childhood. Now, I don't agree with a lot Freud says, but in this case I'll go along with him. I firmly believe that the position I am in today is the direct result of a few words once emphatically spoken to me by my mother. These words, falling upon impressionable, childish ears, were never repressed or suppressed, even. I remember them quite clearly; they were as follows: "When you grow up and go to college, get a degree in education. A woman should always have something to fall back on if her husband dies." Being a somewhat obstinate and perverse child, I immediately decided never to set foot in an education class. The validity of my resolution was satisfactorily proven, as far as I was concerned, years later in college. Invariably, I found that every dingbat, dumb blonde, Scarlett O'Hara type was majoring in elementary education. I could have little respect for any field if its ranks were composed of such members as these.

But what do my childhood memories have to do with the ostensible subject of this essay? Simply this: having eliminated education as a viable option, I was forced to choose another major. I systematically reviewed my abilities and found that I was neither scientifically, mathematically, artistically, nor musically inclined. However, I did like to read. Therefore, I would be an English major, and my problems would be solved. Unfortunately, I was mistaken; my problems were just beginning. I graduated with a B.A. degree and discovered, surprisingly, that no one was going to pay me to read. In fact, no one was going to pay anyone with a pure liberal arts background to do anything. The only possibility open to me, given such a background, was teaching on the college level, and for that it was necessary that one have graduate training. Accordingly, I entered graduate school.

It has been my recent, sad experience to discover that the M.A. degree in English means little more than the B.A. did. At first, I did not want to accept this fact and had hopes of being employed at one of the smaller state colleges. I was forced to realize that my hopes had been most ridiculously misplaced when I spoke to the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts at one particular state institution. He thanked me for my inquiry but said that, regretfully, there was no chance for me to be hired, as he had just fired three English teachers and was planning to "get rid of two more by the end of the week." What recourse was left to me? There was only one; graduate school again.

As a result of my discouraging experience with the Dean, I have applied to the state university and have been offered a fellowship for doctoral study, which I have accepted. I was somewhat surprised to discover that my parents, upon receiving the news, were enthusiastic and quite proud. My reaction has been somewhat different. What is to them, and what would have been, ten or fifteen years ago, a signal honor, is, to me, more of an economic necessity. It's what I have to do if I ever hope to get a job in my field. Of course, I know that the Ph.D., if I do survive the program and earn the degree at all, won't guarantee employment, but the stipend I'll be receiving while I'm in school will buy the groceries and pay the rent for the next few years. More important, it will offer me a reprieve from having to deal with the minor consideration of how I'm going to support myself for the rest of my life. In this bicentennial year I also feel that, by choosing to become a professional student, I am, in my own small way, doing my bit for the U.S.A. Consider this: by accepting the graduate assistantship, I relieve the already glutted labor force of the problem of having to absorb another individual in search of employment. Therefore, some more deserving human being has my job at Burger King, stays off the welfare lists, and thus saves valuable tax dollars for us all.

I have one final thought for those who now are, or who may at any time in the future become, Liberal Arts Majors. If you like to eat, or wish to be employed at some point later in life, my advice is simply this: go to trade school and learn plumbing.

Lee Shaw

Point



A few years ago students went to college to pursue a general education as well as to train for a future career. But today students want to specialize in a particular field of study instead of obtaining a liberal education. These students do not realize that many courses which are not directly related to their specialized major are in fact valuable and essential. In particular some students frequently attack English as being an unnecessary and irrelevant subject. But the study of English composition and literature is important in preparing for one's career and life.

The preparation received in college English enhances one's performance in future occupations or careers. It is conceded that an English background is not the only necessary qualification for a graduate to obtain a good job, but a graduate with this preparation has a distinct edge over others. In fact, many companies prefer their employees obtain a liberal education rather than specialize in a particular field before they enter their job. The Modern Language Association, through Dr. Linwood E. Orange, conducted a survey of businessmen and found that employees with a proficiency in the English language were "able to analyze, interpret, reorganize and rephrase written materials, to speak well in public and to be logical and effective in debate, tasks that constantly confront the employee." Many companies have found their trained but "uneducated" employees so lacking these abilities that they are having to send them to school in an attempt to acquire the necessary skills, such as speaking and writing effectively. These abilities are not only important in commerce and industry, but also in professions such as law, medicine, federal service, and teaching. Dean James C. Quarles of The Walter R. George School of Law says, "The ability to use the English language effectively is the most important ability an applicant can bring to the study of law, and the lack of this ability is the most frequent cause for failure of law students." Indeed, a lawyer who does not have a good command of the English language would have difficulty in convincing a jury of the innocence of his client. Furthermore, the ability to communicate is indispensable to a competent physician. These basic communication and written skills are acquired not only in English composition courses but also in literature courses.

Literature is equally valuable both in one's career and everyday life. The study of literature, according to Linwood Orange, imparts "a deeper insight into human behavior." Literature relates a wide variety of experiences about people and places. By reading about the experiences of other people, one is better able to understand human behavior. Furthermore, literature goes beyond the theoretical basis of behavior into an experiential understanding of the way different situations may affect an individual. Since literature encompasses many subject areas, one may gain knowledge in many different fields. GULLIVER'S

TRAVELS by Johnathan Swift is an example of a literary study of political science as well as an exploration of human behavior. By critically analyzing the contents of the work, it is possible to recognize the impractical as well as desirable aspects of social and political systems. The ability to analyze situations and materials logically is a necessity in occupations ranging from business and industry to law and medicine. The capacity to think rationally is also important in everyday interactions between people. In addition, literature provides an enjoyable means of learning about what happened in our past, what is happening today, and what may happen in the future. Thus literature is a source of knowledge and ideas.

It is sensible, then, to conclude that English is essential in developing character, insight, and logical reasoning as well as the fundamental skills of reading and writing needed for communication. Therefore, it is wiser to pursue a liberal education first in college and then to specialize afterward. Colleges are not merely sophisticated vocational schools but are centers of total education. Taking advantage of the opportunities for obtaining a broad education will give a person a more comprehensive outlook on life. As was observed in Proverbs, "Happy is the man who finds wisdom, and the man who gets understanding, for the gain from it is better than gain from silver and its profit better than gold."

Marilu O'Byrne
Kara Kruse



Counterpoint

Colleges and universities now profess to give their students a liberal education. In practice however, they actually offer students an education which is not liberal, but structured. Basic requirements for students are composed of specific courses rather than general types of courses. This violates the concept of a liberal education by limiting students to the study of certain courses when other courses would teach the same type of knowledge and serve equally well. If colleges and universities are to provide students with the liberal education that they should, a change is necessary.

A viable alternative would be a system which requires students to take those courses necessary for a comprehensive study of their respective major fields while allowing them to choose their other courses from broad classifications. In some cases, the current system provides for broad classifications by requiring simply "six hours of science" or "nine hours of social science." An examination of an alternative system, one which would allow students to choose from a wide range of subject areas, should reveal the comparative advantages inherent in the alternative.

The current system generally calls for thirty hours of courses in a field for that field to be considered a student's major. Generally, this provides the student with a good knowledge of his field, but seldom does it provide him with as strong a knowledge as he needs. The alternative system recognizes this and calls for students to pursue more courses in the major area of study. Granted, a student cannot possibly take every course his department offers, but the addition of nine to twelve hours in requirements in the major field could only produce graduates more knowledgeable in their respective fields. Thus, the alternative is advantageous because it provides students with better backgrounds in their chosen majors.

Currently, most students are required to take at least one course in literature and two courses in English composition. By allowing students to choose their non-major courses from broad areas such as the arts, literature would become an elective course.

Literature is generally thought to have some degree of aesthetic and practical value. Certainly, the aesthetic value to be derived from a study of music is just as great as the aesthetic value inherent in a study of literature. Neither music nor literature can be said to be more pleasing to the senses nor to possess more beauty than the other. The same can be said to be true for a study of any of the various forms of art when compared to literature.

The practical value of literature stems largely from the studies in human behavior which it provides. Human behavior studies may also be vividly provided, however, in painting or in sculpture. Music, too, may be seen to contain much of the emotion and feeling that characterizes man.

The alternative recognizes that arts other than literature may be equally instructive. Thus, if implemented, the proposed change would give students the comparative advantage of studying the area that most interested them in the arts rather than being forced to study literature by degree requirements.

In the case of composition, the alternative would allow students to take composition courses if they so desired to fulfill possible requirements under the heading of communication. Alternative courses might include business communications, journalism and speech. As in the case of literature, this would provide students with a choice while providing similar benefits.

The reason given for the current requirements in composition is usually that the average high school graduate cannot write clearly and effectively. Many people feel, however, that this cannot be taught on the college level. Two semesters of composition would seem unlikely to significantly change a student's ability to communicate effectively. Current requirements cannot hope to significantly alter the writing habits acquired for years. If students enter college without the ability to write clearly, that is the fault of secondary education and the change must be made on the secondary level. Composition on the college level should be recognized as a communications course and should be grouped with other such courses.

The alternative system would, therefore, provide students with a liberal education. The increase in the hours required in the major field without an accompanying increase in the hours needed for a degree would yield graduates with greater knowledge of their chosen fields. At the same time, students would no longer be required to take specific courses such as literature and English composition outside their majors. Instead, they could choose from a number of courses under broad classifications such as arts and communications.

Clinton Davis

The Beginning of An Illustrious Career

When I decided to learn the art of writing, I knew it was a cinch. I came to a university and breezed through the Journalism department. The world was at my feet and I had the power of commanding words at my will. I really thought I had the situation under control. That is, until the episode with my typewriter.

It began, as usual, in the campus newspaper office. The room was chaotic. Papers were everywhere, and the rhythm of the typewriters was like the frantic heartbeat of a football fan whose T.V. set fizzed out during Super Bowl X. The editor called me over.

"Garble goo!, kitawanga!" I quickly translated the message (a newsperson must speak foreign languages, you know) and rushed out to interview basketball star Willow Tree Carter about his sudden decision to quit dribbling and start cooking in his own fast food franchise.

I tracked Willow down and finally found him at the home economics building simmering dish towels in gravy. (The recipe called for chicken wings.) After a quick interview amidst soapy wings and mouth-watering towels, I sprinted to my apartment to pluck out the story on my trusty Royal.

I drug out the case from the front closet and heaved it onto the table. The homely gray machine stared silently at me as I stuffed paper down its throat.

Then as I sat there, hands poised in the air, ready to pounce, it happened.

At first I paid no attention, because I was attempting to find a tactful way to say Willow had traded his jersey and sweatbands in for an apron and linen napkins. But then, I felt the table shaking and heard the rumble coming from my typewriter.

"GRRR!" It ROARED at me! I jumped and leaned too far back in the chair. It fell over and I hit the floor with a bang.

"GGRRROW!" yelled the gray monster, and I sped under the table on my knees, my eyes big and palms sweaty. For a minute there was silence and I thought it was all a dream. I immediately told myself there would be no more sardine, peanut butter and vanilla wafer sandwiches at three in the morning, no matter how bad the cafeteria food tasted at lunch.

Cautiously, I eased out from under the table, peeping up toward the sudden midget Frankenstein.

"Come on out, silly!" The typewriter TALKED! I shrank back, wishing my mother had gotten me a nice little IBM like I'd wanted in the first place. Then I could have at least pulled the plug.

"Well? Are you going to get the story about the turkey or aren't you?" The typewriter scoffed at me.

"It was chicken, not turkey, and typewriters don't talk!" I shouted defensively, and felt foolish. What if my roommate came in and saw me talking to a typewriter? It would be off to the asylum for me, and the monster would be sold again, only to stalk another young Buchwald.

"Listen, I'm sick of you beating on me all the time. Gimme a break!"

I got angry. What nerve! A silly, old typewriter was sitting on my table asking me not to use it? Who did he think he was? He had cost my mother twenty-five dollars!

"What do you think you are for, anyway?" I demanded with human authority. I summoned the courage to stand over the typewriter, my hands hidden and clasped behind my back. After all, they were the culprits. If the typewriter glimpsed my fingers it might go berserk!

"I am an instrument designed to create works of art."

"Don't be flip. I am a journalist. I create works of news. Don't you know anything besides how to throw your pompous carriage from side to side? If it weren't for me, you'd be collecting dust in some pawn shop!" I smiled deviously. I was brave now. After all, I was the one with the brain.

"That is not logical, said the typewriter. "You humans are never logical. If it weren't for ME, where would YOU be?"

I was dumbfounded. The typewriter was right. I could see myself straining by candlelight with a quill and stacks of parchment. It was a frightening thought.

"Okay. So I need you," I admitted, "but if you don't shut up and start working, I'm going to take my hammer and—"

"GGRRR!" the typewriter muttered fiercely. Then, all was still. I eased closer, and slowly raised my hands over the keys. There were no smart remarks, no roars. Never again would my typewriter speak to me, but it did not have to.

I had learned my lesson: we were partners in the business, and no matter what heights I reached, my trusty old Royal would be sitting there near me nodding, "I TOLD YOU SO!"

Denise Y. Lewis

Forty-eight hours before an election is no time to make a major change in a strategy followed for four years. But those four years had gone according to plan. The last two weeks hadn't.

Marshall Redman held the results to his forehead to conceal not only his own expression of resignation, but also to allow the others in the room to do likewise without his noticing.

The results of the poll were quickly computed for everyone in Redman's eyes as he lowered the papers which passed around the room in self-imposed silence.

All eyes had plainly absorbed the unalterable statistics—California and Illinois both down two points for the second consecutive week. The only consolation was that it was a private poll.

The country had divided quickly and sharply after the Labor Day sun had settled. Redman, with the rural and farm vote, would carry the South, the Great Plains, and the Rockies. These were the traditional grounds for a so called populist candidate. In addition, by having his residence in St. Louis, he could vaguely claim "Middle America" as his home. His opponent had quickly secured the New England and industrial states for himself. If either candidate crossed these borders, it was a matter of protocol, not votes.

Marshall looked around the room for any indication of fatalism settling in following the last poll of the campaign, remembering how the campaigns of Goldwater and McGovern had died of defeatism the week before the election.

As the tabulations circulated around the room, Redman relaxed in silence for what seemed the first time since the snow-bound New Hampshire primary. It seemed to him as if he had forgotten that noise was not the first order of the world.

The papers returned to Redman who let them rest on the arm of his chair. There was no need to read them again. They were in black and white. It angered him that every decision he made had to be approved by computer print-outs. He longed for a Camelot where he could manipulate the numbers instead of their manipulating him.

The silence continued. No one could find the courage to speak. To utter a word of optimism would be to deny the statistics, an act of illusion. To speak pessimistically would be to break a cardinal rule of campaigning.

It was Redman's campaign, his career, and his name on the poll, not theirs. It was his place to speak. After all eyes had philosophically inspected the view outside and moved throughout the room, they rested on Redman. He looked at the faces surrounding him and then spoke with the determined voice of someone who had gone too far to turn back. "I'm not losing. We'll come up with some last-hour something, but no defeat." He leaned back in the chair and thought how empty and unassuring the words had sounded—even to himself.

Conrad spoke next. "There is enough money left to buy some TV. What else can you do but TV? You can huff 'n puff a hundred speeches and still not reach the numbers one commercial will."

"Prime time is out, though," commented Mercer. "There are only two nights on TV left, and by this time

political commercials are so overdone that the people are praying for a return of The Jolly Green Giant."

Conrad was the campaign treasurer, Mercer, the campaign manager. These two and the candidate formed the triumvirate of the campaign. Of the roomful of professionals, only these three had been through the entire campaign, which began twenty years ago with Redman's first congressional contest.

Mercer continued. "TV is nationwide and even if we could get it on such short notice, the nation is not our problem."

Conrad suggested, "Reroute tomorrow and Sunday's speaking tours."

"And leave 100,000 people in Atlanta because they're not as important as the 5,000 at the San Francisco airport?"

"Well? It's the truth isn't it?"

"This is a political campaign, not a revival."

Redman informed the two aides, "First, the schedule must stay the same. You can't leave however many thousand standing in some hall in Atlanta with their beloved Senator who promised my appearance just because we decided their state was no longer so important. The papers would tear that to shreds."

Turning to Conrad he said, "If you could get prime time at this late date, you should be running, not me. Anyway, Mercer's right. The commercials of the last week are ritual, not practical." With that he informed them that the campaign and country did not stop for twelve sheets of paper that they would never see. Realizing the subject was closed for the evening, everyone returned to their posts.

They all know their jobs, Redman told himself as he looked about at what he knew to be a superbly organized operation, though to an outsider the activity would pass for sheer anarchy. They're good, he thought. Real pros. They could probably run a campaign without a candidate. It was all computers anyway.

He returned to his suite at the other end of the barricaded eighteenth floor. The security guard stepped twice to the right. Redman entered the room and shut the door. The guard stepped twice to the left.

He allowed the lights to remain out so he would not be tempted to reread the figures in search of an error, a miracle or some loophole. No, he'd read the figures, but they would not change. They were not subject to his lauded oratorical skills.

Illinois and California. Damn. Those were his two biggest problems a year ago. Hadn't they gone away yet? With the South, the Plains, and the Rockies securely his and the New England and industrial states securely not his, the real campaign had boiled down to five states—Texas, Florida, Minnesota, Illinois and California. They were the populous undecided states—a position their voters must enjoy since they seemed to hold it every election. To win he would have to carry three out of five. To lose he need only carry two. This was the rule of the campaign, publicly admitted by everyone but the candidates.

In the last week of September three of these five states had been eliminated. Redman had barnstormed Texas and Florida for six straight days with a strong format supporting growth of the space program. It had

gone over so well that the opposition had difficulty getting workers for their office in Houston. At the same time, his opponent had descended on Minnesota, hitting practically every city twice and Duluth eight times. So Redman had swung Texas and Florida while sacrificing Minnesota. Naturally these gains had to be reinforced, so Redman was spending the day before the election in Texas (bigger than Florida), as naturally as his opponent was spending the same day in Minnesota. So it came back to California and Illinois. It must be a conspiracy he told himself.

He lay down on the bed, intending to go over it all again in his mind, but never made it. Shoes and all, he collapsed in a dead sleep, buried under Illinois and California.

At the tap on his shoulder Redman turned out of his sleep hoping to greet his wife, but the presence of Mercer brought back the reality of who and what he was. His head fell back into the pillow and to thoughts of his wife. Mrs. Marshall Redman was on her own campaign swing through the Rockies, following the one through the South, following the one through the Midwest, following the one up the Pacific coast, following.... twenty years.

He remembered the night he had won the nomination. It was her home state of Wisconsin that had put him over the top. Keeping with Jacksonian politics, it was one of her politically affluent relatives who had read the state's unanimous delegation vote to the hysterical crowd. He had won the nomination, taken the campaign trail and said goodbye to his wife until election day.

Mercer informed him it was seven o'clock and began the morning summary of what was to happen that day. Redman tried to remember falling asleep. He wasn't immediately sure what city he was in. Campaigns go forward too fast to remember and distinguish yesterdays.

Thirty minutes later he briskly entered the hotel dining room and was greeted by Conrad, Mercer, the LOS ANGELES TIMES, the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, and the day's airport schedule with the attached memo regarding expected crowd sizes and points of issue which he was to stress. He sat down with Mercer and said, "I still don't know. If we don't carry one of the two we're sunk. What was politics like before Gallup and Harris?" Breakfast went faster than it had come.

As they rose from the table, Mercer said, "Since that rocket speech in Houston, Texas has been yours. Today's schedule can't be bucked, but tomorrow's the last day and you could get away with cutting out one of your speeches if you really wanted. Skip the speech in Dallas and bus over to the L.A. airport. You could still hit Houston in the afternoon and be home in St. Louis for the last rally. Senator whoever's going to be in Dallas anyway and he'll speak for you, himself and anyone else who'll let him."

"No" was the extent of Redman's reply. He didn't have to explain his answers a second time.

Mercer just shrugged the rebuttal off and continued, "We gotta be in the air in thirty minutes and there's a good size crowd outside. The back exit has been blocked off for you if you..."

And from that second on there wasn't a moment's respite for any of them. A solid crowd from the hotel to

the airport. The jet flight, with its messages received and delivered. Final press releases. Last minutes telegrams to start chairman (or chairpersons), and on and on till he reached the Atlanta Hilton. The day had been a blur of faces, laughter, pictures, victory cheers, introductions to old friends he'd never met until all recognition of anyone or anything had slipped away. The speeches had been as strong as ever and the applause louder than ever, which almost made it worthwhile.

After pressing through a thousand hands in the hotel lobby, the elevator took him to his room where the stone sentry moved two steps to the right. Redman entered the room and shut the door. The statue moved twice to the left.

Redman walked out to the balcony, where Mercer awaited him. "How did you—, never mind." Somehow campaign managers always managed to get there first, leave last and get to the next place first.

Mercer laid several newspapers on the table set in between them. Redman glanced at them. "Whatever we do now, it's the last hurrah. In twenty-four hours the campaign ends. It's going to have to come like a bolt out of the blue." He reached for the newspaper lying on top—which contained its own blue bolt. "So my honorable opponent made an unexpected side trip to Illinois today. He stops thirty minutes in an airport, sends his henchmen to gather the press, pre-notified from his personal jet, bounces off the jet into the terminal, says hello to every giddy stewardess that can be found, says hello to fourteen hot dog stands and two Coke machines, insists on walking through the hijack-prevention gate to show he's just like everybody else, and then he's off again into the wild blue yonder, leaving some poor youngster standing at the terminal gate asking, 'Who was that masked man?'" Redman leaned back and looked out over the Atlanta skyline, imagining his opponent haranguing in some mid-western airport. "So tomorrow ever paper in Illinois will plaster his name all over the front page just because he cared enough about the 'plain folks' of Illinois to take a break out of his very busy schedule to see 'em, and they'll see him again and again on the noon, six, and ten o'clock news. And with the trend of the last two weeks, that ends Illinois."

"And?"

"And what? That's twenty-six we can't afford to lose, lost," Redman said as he rose and walked to the railing, where he dropped the CHICAGO TRIBUNE over the edge. "Illinois."

"You could pull the same stunt. Stop in San Francisco or Los Angeles. Show up late in Dallas."

"No way. I'll barely last as it is. Besides, he'd probably have me followed and land right in front of me." He leaned on the railing and thought how true that was. Both candidates had each other's speeches, schedules, and press releases days in advance. This had conveniently added to the weapons of modern political warfare, but it could have its drawbacks. He remembered a hot Florida afternoon when, being a publicity-lacking Monday, he made his attacks all the more vigorous and wholeheartedly condemned his opponent for a remark on deficit spending. The remark was actually made the following Thursday.

Without a word, Mercer handed Marshall the file on California. If he didn't want it, it could follow the newspaper.

After five minutes of skimming, Marshall let his head fall back and he quietly laughed. "They'll crucify me." He shook his head, wiped the sleep from his eyes and laughed again.

Then, trying to look serious, but not too hard,

He turned to Mercer and commented, "First, it's not likely that any of the original forty-five states will change, right?"

"Right."

"Second, it's really too late for him to change Texas or Florida or he would be there tomorrow, and it's unlikely I could come close to changing Minnesota or I'd be there tomorrow, right?"

"Right."

"Third, we've buried Illinois, right?"

"Maybe, maybe not. Frank's got a hell of a local-level organization, and that's what we've been counting on all along. Not the cities, but rural Illinois."

"Regardless, I would put Illinois as beyond hope."

"Okay, but I'd rather fight to the very last minute the polls remain open."

"Wasted effort."

"Then California?"

Marshall looked at the number forty-five on the California file, which designated its top spot in the electoral college. "If I don't try something big quick it looks like we'll lose."

"You'll lose," Mercer corrected.

"We'll lose," Marshall corrected. He looked at Mercer and said, "So get up and get some clothes together. You're going to Illinois."

"Illinois?"

"Yes, Illinois. Now get going."

"But Illinois?"

"I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S. As in Illinois. That state stuck between Indiana and Missouri and Iowa. If you want a road map I'll get you one. And call Frank and tell him you'll be flying in in a couple of hours. Make sure he meets you there. Where is that damned Illinois file anyway?" Redman muttered as he flipped through his briefcase looking for Frank whoever's number. In ten minutes all the arrangements had been made.

"What am I doing tomorrow?"

"Nothing," Redman replied. "Behave yourself tomorrow and do nothing. On election day you simply make sure that none of my offices across the state are opened. I don't care if you offer Frank a Cabinet post or a sledge hammer. Don't let any of those offices open. None of those phone calls to stragglers or undecideds or any rides to the polls for anyone."

"But Frank'll—"

"Frank'll nothing. It's my campaign."

"But—"

"Don't ask. Just be back here by seven election night. History looks good on TV."

Monday, election eve, went as hoped. Dallas was ecstatic. Houston was better. The Astrodome looked like the Astros had won the World Series. The campaign then headed home for St. Louis. The last rally was held in Busch Memorial Stadium with a beyond capacity crowd.

Mrs. Redman had concluded her last speaking engagement of the campaign that morning and had flown home in the afternoon. She awaited her husband at the stadium.

When Marshall Redman took the podium the crowd exploded. It was twenty minutes before they allowed him to speak. One year ago he was a mountain climber and admired for it. Today he was a standard bearer and loved for it. On and on they roared, his attempts to call for order defiantly shouted down with increasing enthusiasm. As he looked at the crowd he couldn't remember what state Duluth was in. It was all worthwhile.

Tuesday morning came. Redman rose early and looked out of the hotel window. For twenty years I ought to at least get a little lightning, he told himself. But the sky was that of perfect autumn. The blue skies would add encouragement to the locals to get out and put somebody in the White House. If the skies were an omen, he wouldn't be allowed home for four years. If they deceived him, he would be back in his recliner in his living room in twenty-four hours.

An hour after the polls opened, the 'might be' or 'might not be' couple appeared at St. Louis voting district 128. It was his children's former high school. The couple stood amid photographers, smiling for the 'might be' historical picture or a president voting for himself.

At 5:45 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Redman entered the hotel suite in downtown St. Louis where three televisions and a large gathering of their staffers cheerfully awaited them.

Conrad, suspicious of any non-computer campaign technique, walked up to Redman and asked, "What the hell did Mercer do in Illinois this morning? Frank's been calling all day and hasn't finished a single raving sentence yet. I thought he was an obscene caller at first. I can't figure why the hell he keeps hanging up on me in the middle of his shouting."

Redman, having literally dreamt election afternoon away, smiled and began explaining the virtues of patience to Conrad, who just shook his head.

At 6:03 Walter Cronkite flicked on the screen and the crowd moved in around the TV to witness Fate. CBS had the same state by state probability tabulations in front of them as did ABC, as did NBC, as did everybody who was anybody. For the first time in his life Redman was reluctantly glad for election computer systems which compiled the election results so quickly and in such detail that the networks could analyze the voting of an entire state with only two percent of the actual vote and, presuming that that two per cent followed the guidelines on the probability sheet, could announce the winner of that state, with assurance, a process taking anywhere from two to thirty minutes after the polls closed.

By 6:30 Central Standard Time the entire eastern seaboard, where it was 7:30 and the polls had been closed for half an hour, had been dealt out between the two candidates. As expected, Redman took both the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, and Florida. As expected, he did not take Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware or the District of Columbia.

At seven o'clock the Central time zone states closed their polls and the computers raced to see which state could declare itself first.

Redman then startled the spellbound room by pouncing on Conrad. "Conrad! Get you butt down to that lobby. Tell them I'm coming down. Tell them I'm coming down in a minute. You did pack as many of the press in there as possible?"

"Yes."

"It had damned well better be packed to overflowing and hotter than hell. Put suspense in your voice when you say I'm coming down, and then give them a rapid fire of 'No Comments' and run back up here."

As soon as Conrad had shut the door behind him, Redman fixed his eyes on the television and waited.

By 7:02 Missouri had broken the network records, and in a historic one minute and fifty-four seconds was confirmed Redman's. At 7:09 the rest of the central states, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Iowa and Indiana came in, followed by Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas, all declaring Redman patronage, while Wisconsin flatly declared the opposite. The networks were having trouble reading the names of the states and changing cameras to their numerical profiles, and then switching back to the commentator who was trying to assign the correct electoral value and declaring the states as fast as they were declaring themselves. Redman turned to his wife and suggested that perhaps Cronkite should stand in front of a map of the country and say, "This one for Redman, this against, this one for..."

7:11. 7:12. Then Michigan was declared against him. 7:13. 7:14. 7:15. Then Minnesota rejected him. "One more," Redman muttered. "One more." His voice had fallen to a whisper. 7:16. 7:17. 7:18. Illinois. Illinois was going to go against him. Fifty-three per cent against. "That's good enough! Everbody up!"

Redman commanded to the mystified gathering. "Get ready to get moving. Come on boob tube. I was more likely to carry California than Illinois according to your last poll. It says so on that sheet in front of you." By this time Redman was holding onto the back of his chair as everyone was getting up.

Redman pounded the back of the chair and shouted, "Defeat me!"

Cronkite was explaining to the nation about the impact of the resounding upset in Illinois. (53 percent is resounding? thought Redman.) "...and so, though it is not yet official, the defeat of Marshall Redman appears imminent. What do you think, Roger..." and the TV droned on in its dissection, but it was lost to the room.

Redman looked at his watch. 7:19. He spoke loudly, though it was unnecessary amidst the silence. "That's it. Downstairs. Everyone! And for God's sake start crying. Punch each other if you have to, but get those tears rolling. Downstairs quickly, we're on a tight schedule."

Never in the history of American politics had thirty people hurried so confusedly anywhere.

Mercer was standing at the podium and Redman nodded to him from backstage. The staff members had already filed in behind the podium and there were tears, though more out of confusion or fear for their candidate's sanity than for sorrow. Cronkite had only said "imminent." Wasn't Marshall from Harry Truman's state?

The televisions set up for the audience were soundless and Redman looked at them to look at himself looking at himself. He didn't try to count the number of microphones in front of him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen..." he ran through the list of campaign thank yous and compliments. "...and since the beginning of this campaign we've all known that there were several key states we would have to carry in order to win. Two of these were Minnesota and Illinois..."

One hundred and twenty-six seconds later Redman turned and had left the podium before the stunned audience and press could regain their voices. The last line was still echoing in the room, "...and therefore I concede defeat in my bid for the presidency."

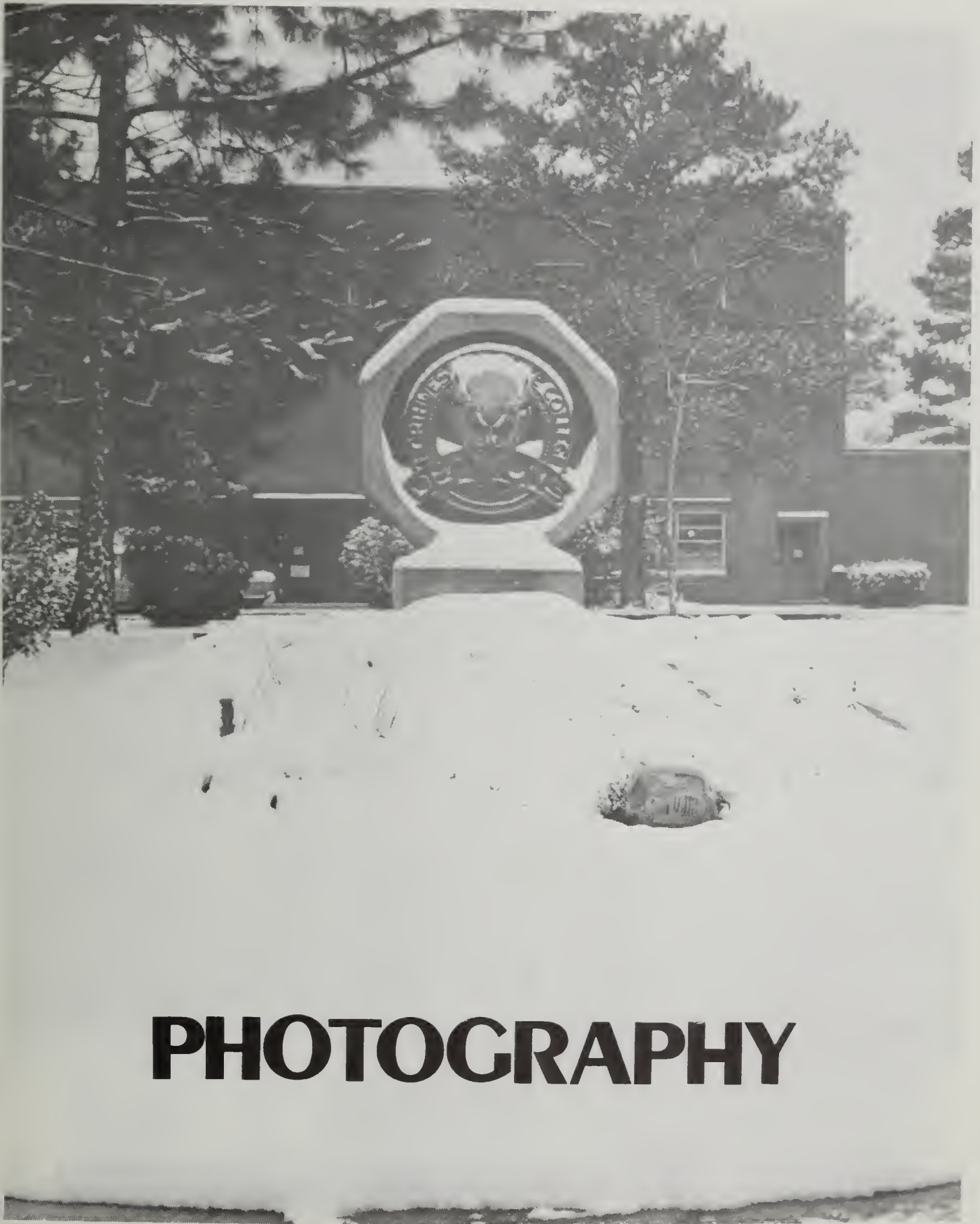
When Redman reached the hotel room he smiled at the security guard, who was leaning against the wall. When Redman entered the room he saw Mercer sitting alone in front of the TV set. Redman spoke to him with a grin. "It took you long enough to figure it out, but we still won't know for several hours."

At ten o'clock the news came across to a nation that was still pondering what had happened at 7:20. "It appears..." began the omniscient Cronkite as he explained that the 7:20 defeat speech had hit California at 5:20. The traffic jams, the honking horns, and then, like a bolt out of the blue, a concession speech came across the radios of cars sprawled along the highways and from the TV sets set in front of the dinner tables awaiting the returning commuters.

Better to stay at home and enjoy a good supper and relax over a drink than to vote against a defeated candidate, was the thought, repeated over and over, and two hundred thousand or so paid their last respects to the dead candidate by staying home. Perhaps another fifty thousand switched their votes at the last minute out of respect for a fallen fighter.

The TV droned so slowly, as if unsure even it understood what had happened. "...and due to the unexpected drop in the voters in California's two biggest cities, it appears that Marshall Redman will carry California in a resounding upset, giving him its forty-five electoral votes. Though it is still unofficial, Redman's national victory does seem imminent. What do you think, Roger?"

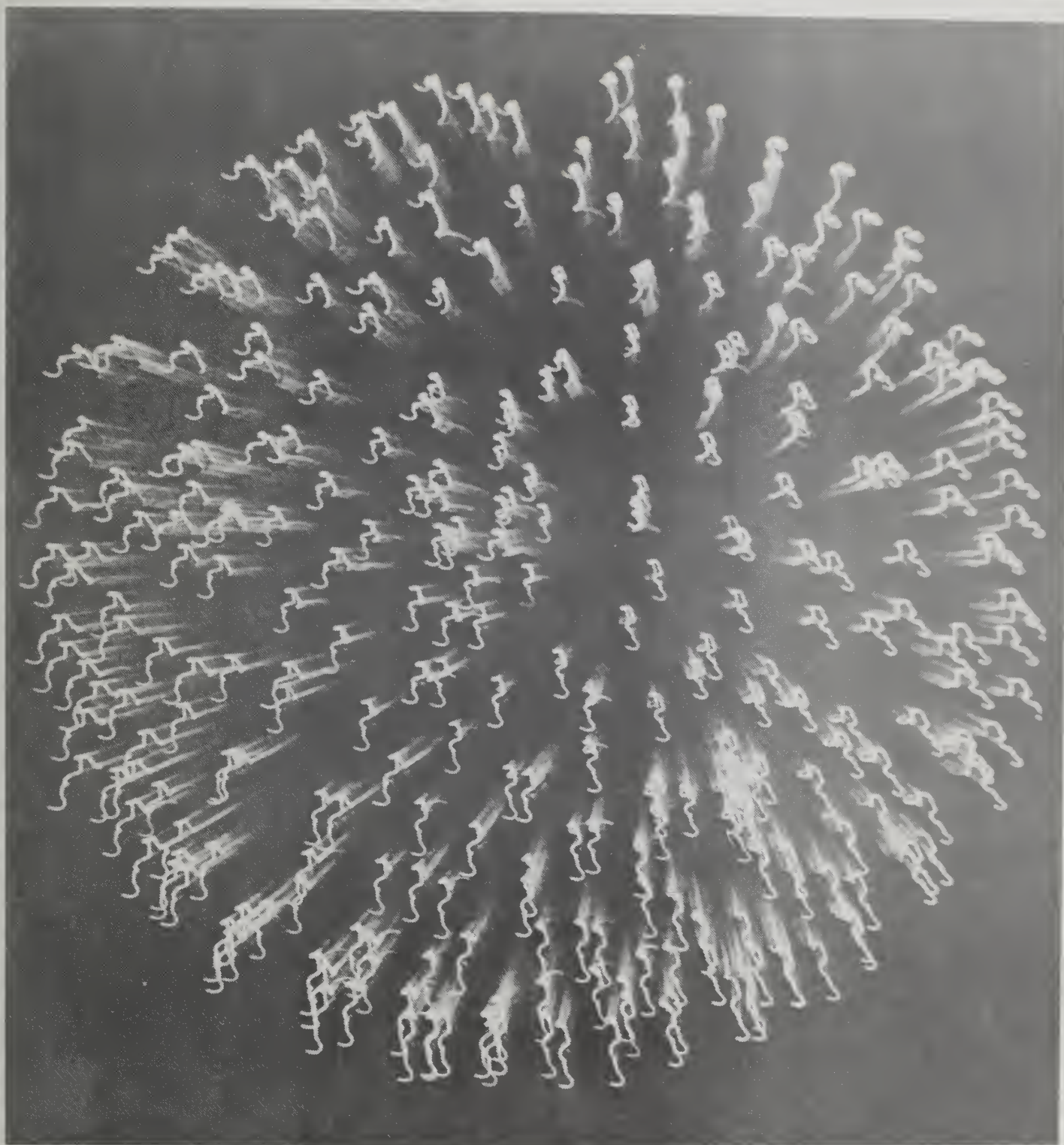
James Sudbury



PHOTOGRAPHY



Dr. Tommy Johnson



Dr. Tommy Johnson



Joseph Cooke



Joseph Cooke



Holley Hardeman



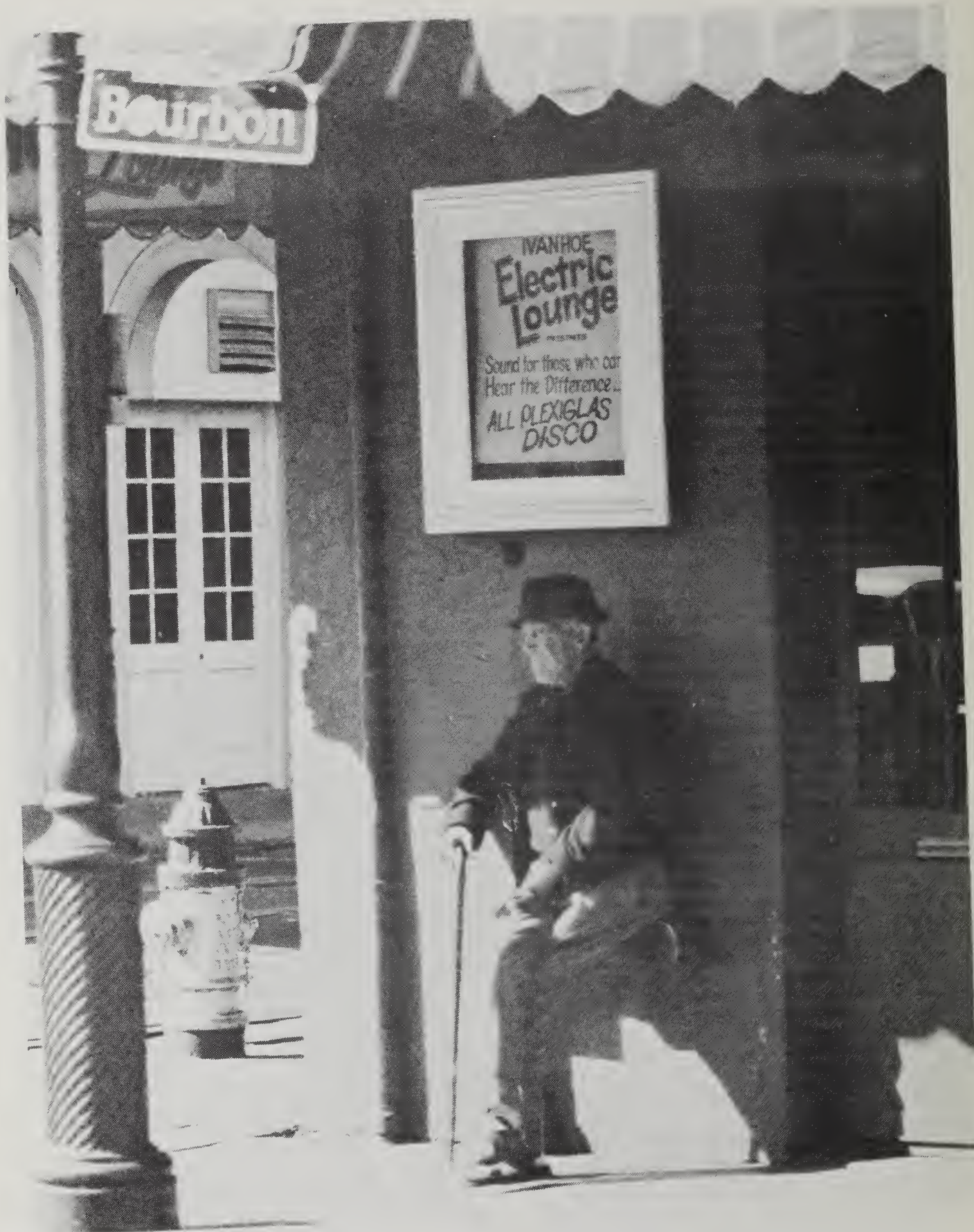
Fair Hyams



John Haag



Jimmy Hyams



Wally Stiles



Wally Stiles



Wally Stiles



ART
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Medusa

Pencil

Ralph Cooper



Big Cheese

Pencil

Ralph Cooper



Untitled

Ink wash

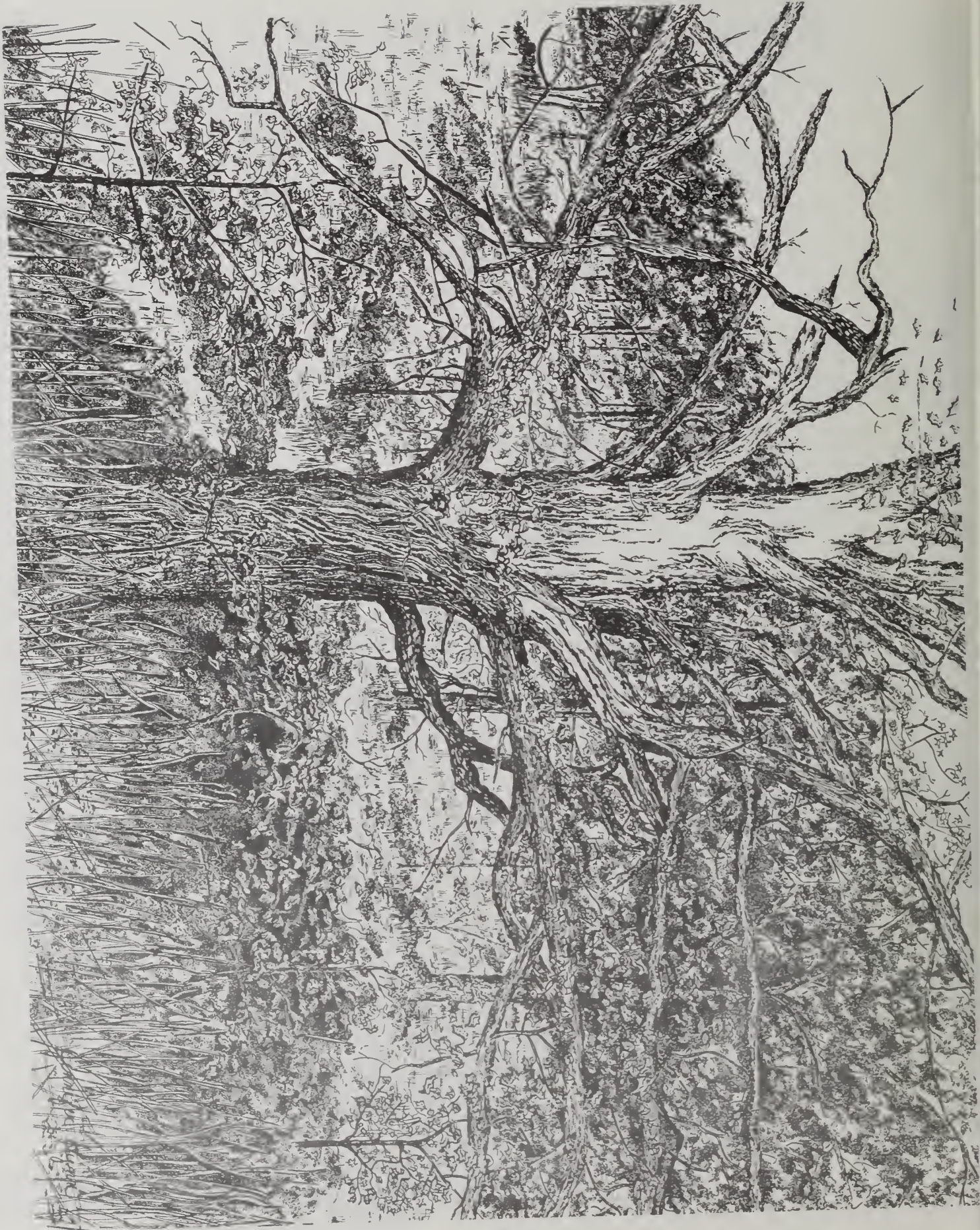
Debbie Black



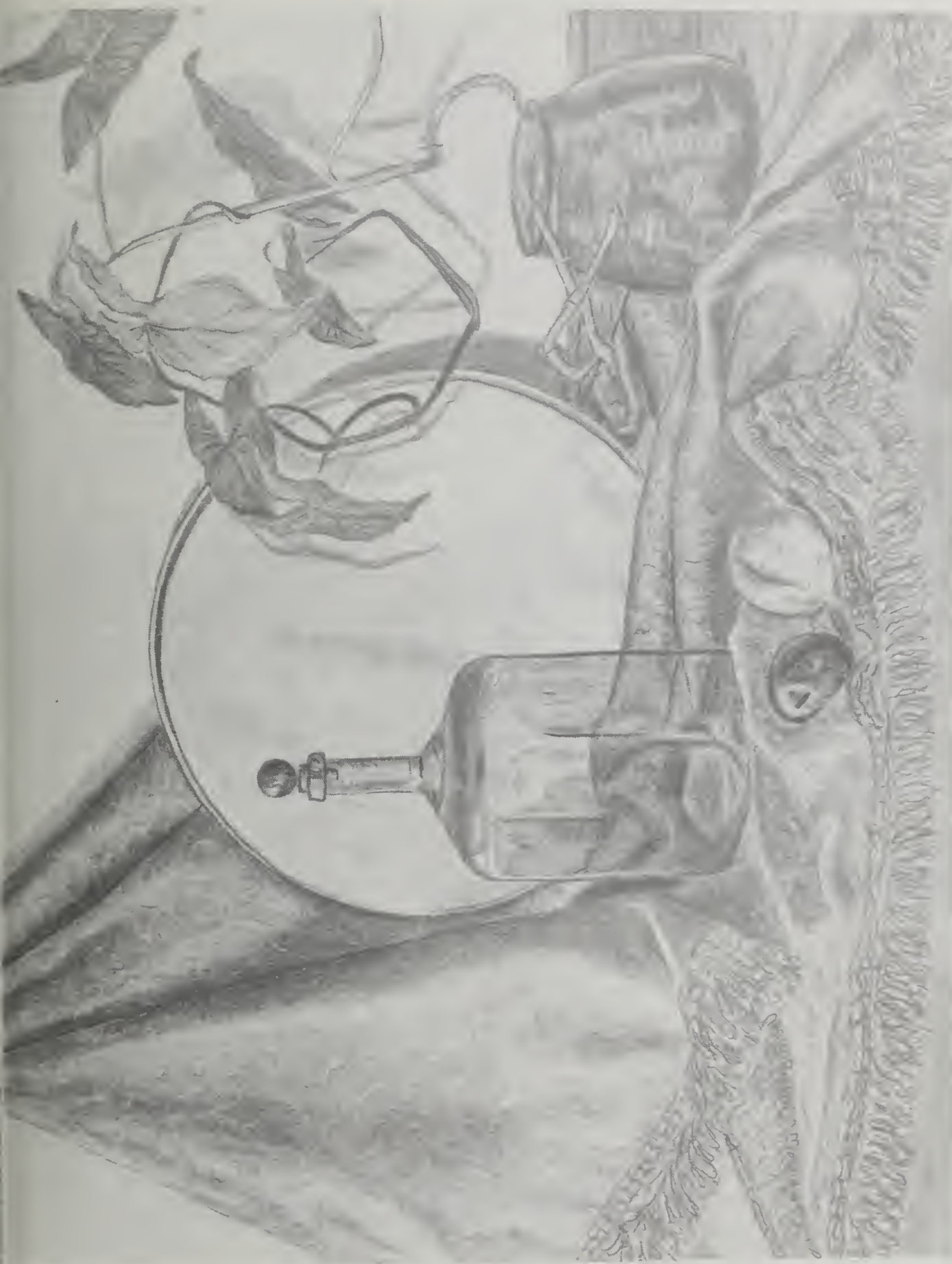
Untitled

Charcoal

Jamie Sanders



Tree Pen and Ink Jennifer Caldwell



Untitled

Charcoal

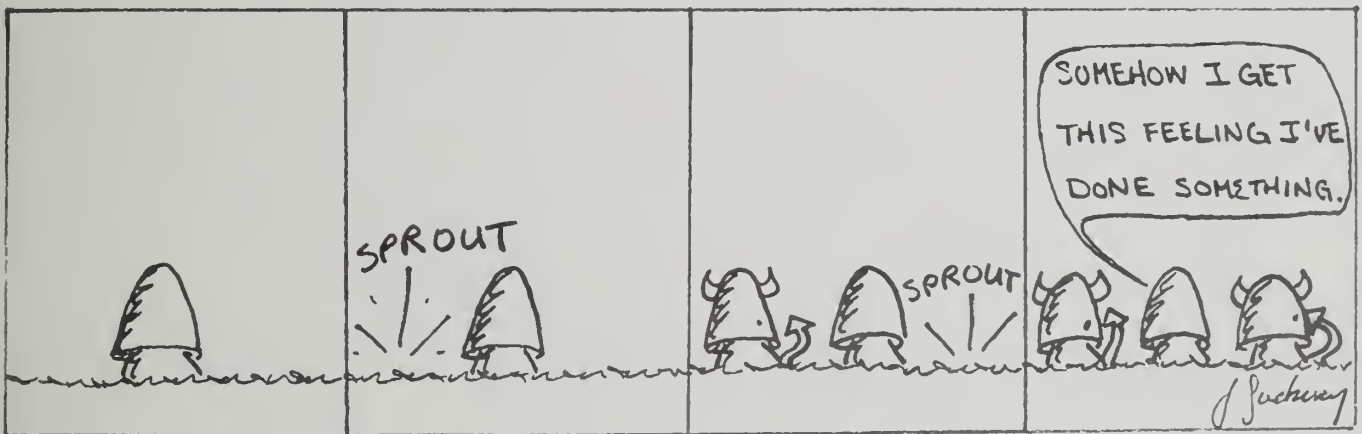
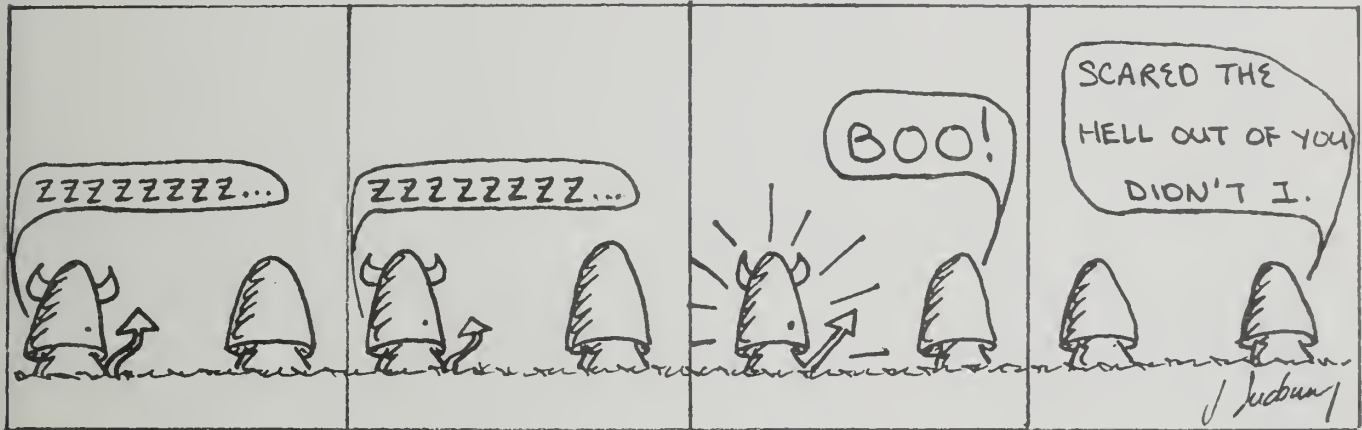
Debbie Black

SPORADIC HOUGHT

DORK THE DEMONIC MUSHROOM



Dork, The Demonic Mushroom



Cartoons by James Sudbury



Untitled Woodcut Kenneth Wilson

Who's Who In Argus

Debbie Black - A native of Bossier City, Debbie graduated with an associate degree in secretarial administration from NSU. She is now attending Southwestern Theological Seminary in Fort Worth.

Jennifer Caldwell- Jennifer is a sophomore art major from New Orleans. While in high school she attended an art camp here at NSU and decided she wanted to get her undergraduate training here. She enjoys drawing nature scenes.

Joseph Cooke- A senior in Radiological Technology, Joseph hopes to attend Duke University or the University of Kentucky for his graduate training in Radiology or as a Physician's Assistant. His home is Seaford, Delaware.

Ralph Cooper- Originally from Leesville, Louisiana, Ralph is a senior Art Education major. Some of his sketches and paintings have been displayed in galleries in Washington, D.C.

David Cox- David recently received his M.A. in English from NSU. He says, "I write poetry because I enjoy working with thoughts and expressing those thoughts exactly. Every person must find some method of expressing himself artistically and poetry is the best vehicle that I have found."

Clinton Davis- A senior accounting major, Clinton is currently serving as president of the NSU student body. He is a member of Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Eta Sigma honor fraternities and has worked on the NSU student newspaper CURRENT SAUCE as business manager.

Richard N. Fletcher- A junior from Port Arthur, Texas, Rich is pursuing a double major in English and Social Sciences with a minor in German. He spent the summer as a member of the company of "Louisiana Cavalier."

John Haag- Mr. Haag serves as an instructor in photography as well as being university photographer.

Grayson Harper- Grayson is an artist-writer-actor of considerable recognition. His acting credits include Moliere's "School for Wives," Prospero in "The Tempest," and Father Hidalgo in "Louisiana Cavalier." He has also written several full length plays. He is currently a graduate assistant in the Department of Art.

Kenny Hines- Kenny is a senior recreation major from Alexandria. An Air Force "brat," Kenny graduated from Balboa High School in the Panama Canal Zone.

Hollie K. Hardeman - a native of New Orleans, Holly is a junior majoring in Speech Education. She enjoys theatre and dance and is a member of University Players and University Puppeteers.

Jimmy Hyams - a senior Journalism major, Jimmy is president of Sigma Delta Chi and has served as Sports Editor for the NATCHITOCHES TIMES for three years.

Fair Hyams-Fair is a native of Natchitoches majoring in advertising design. He is a member of Kappa Alpha and has to his credit the cover design for the 1975-1976 POTPOURRI.

Dr. Tommy Johnson- Head of NSU's Department of Business-Distributive Education and Office Administration, Dr. Johnson has won numerous awards in the field of photography. He is well known in state and national circles in Business Teacher Education and Office Administration work.

Kara Kruse- Kara is a junior pre-med major from Natchitoches. She enjoys snow skiing, swimming, backpacking and camping.

Denise Y. Lewis- A junior majoring in journalism and minoring in Spanish, Denise hopes to work with a newspaper and ultimately a national magazine. She says, "I write because poetry is an extension of me, of my inner self; and because I simply enjoy writing."

Julie Lightfoot- Julie is a sophomore English Education major from Mansfield, Louisiana. Besides writing, her favorite hobby is trying to imitate Melissa Manchester on the guitar.

Rivers Murphy- Designer of the cover of ARGUS, Rivers is an associate professor of art at NSU. He received his M.F.A. from Texas Christian University.

Marilu O'Byrne- A native of Columbia, South America, Marilu is a pre-med major, presently applying for her American citizenship. She will end her studies at NSU after having spent her junior year in France.

Rhonda Riddle- A sophomore English Education major, Rhonda's hometown is Baker, Louisiana. James Ross- James is a senior Journalism, Speech, and English major. On writing he says, "I write poetry simply because I like to."

Jamie Sanders- Jamie is a junior majoring in Art Education. A native of Shreveport, he says this of art, "If you're a living soul, you're a part of an art experience."

Lee Shaw- Lee graduated this summer with an M.A. in English. She received a Bachelor's degree in psychology from LSU and has returned to Baton Rouge this fall to begin doctoral work in English.

James Sudbury- NO COMMENT.

Kenneth Wilson- Kenny graduated from NSU in the spring of 1976 with a B.A. in Advertising Design. He is now a graduate assistant at NSU working toward an M.A. in Design. Besides being the Art Editor and lay-out designer for ARGUS, Kenny is designing all promotional material for the university.

Wally Stiles- Wally will receive his M.S. in Geology in December. He is a resident of Natchitoches. His interests in photography grew during his tour of duty in the U.S. Navy.

